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EVENING.

THE painting from which our engraving is taken is by a contemporary German artist. Herr Meyerheim has presented us with a thoroughly home picture; and although, as is sure to be the case, German peculiarity may be detected in the trailing foliage and the outline of the figures, there is something so homely, plain, and simple in the composition, that it deserves the attention of all. It is evening, and the rays of the setting sun are falling on the casement; the labour of the day is over; the birds are roosting in the trees; the cattle are at pasture; and the peasant has returned to his home, and in calm enjoyment looks on his smiling wife and happy group of children.

It is a home picture, and there is a charm about home which we all understand. "We bear," says one, "our penates with us abroad and at home; their atrium is the

Bulwer says: "I was touched once in visiting an Irish cabin, which in the spirit of condescending kindness the Lady Bountiful of the place had transformed into the graceful neatness of an English cottage, training roses up the wall, glazing the windows, and boarding the mud floor;—I was touched, I say, with the homely truth which the poor peasant uttered as he gazed half-gratefully, half-indignantly, at the change. 'It is all very kind,' said he, in his dialect, which I am obliged to translate; 'but the good lady does not know how dear to a poor man is everything that reminds him of the time when he played instead of working—these great folks do not understand us!'"

"Do not run much from home," says that charming writer Miss Bremer; "one's own hearth is of more worth than gold."



EVENING.

heart. Our household gods are the memories of our childhood—the recollections of the hearth round which we gathered—of the fostering hands which caressed us—of the scenes of all the cares and joys, the anxieties and the hopes, the ineffable yearnings of love, which made us first acquainted with the mystery and the sanctity of home."

No matter where that home is; whether it be in some crowded city street, or pleasant country town; a small fishing cottage, peeping from a thick and gloomy copse of firs and larch and oak; or whether it be some stately baronial mansion, whose corridors have echoed to the footsteps of royalty, whose walls have laughed a siege to scorn, and whose name figures in history; if it be our home, it is very dear to us—dearer than all the world besides.

Everything about the picture of Herr Meyerheim is perfectly in keeping. The air of quietness and repose that is seen in the lounging figure of the man, as he leans over the opened hatch and watches his children at play, is found also in the mother sitting in the sunshine, and in the little one who nestles on her bosom, while the creeping plant on the trellis is not stirred by a breath of wind. The only active part of the group is formed by the boy and the kittens; he has a plaything and is amusing himself and his playmates with it, watching with the keen glance of a hunter the movements of the young cats. Doubtless, that anxious look, that eager look, indicates a curiosity which, if properly developed, may stimulate the boy to work and study; but, badly directed, may make him a treacherous and cruel man.